

# Martyr A.d., Bring Out Your Dead

You see this world as your own  
You think this life is yours  
I've come to break you down  
You're a commodity  
This flesh is not your own  
Your blood is currency  
The beast has drawn your number  
Stand straight, fall in line  
All of your prayers won't be heard anymore  
Your blood had been programmed to baptize the floor  
And your grave is just a hole in this  
Cold dead ground  
This world has died around you  
A fucking worthless cause  
The eulogy is written  
The casket burning  
Begin the funeral march  
Bend on your broken knees  
They've drawn your fucking number  
Stand still, taste the pain  
All of your prayers won't be heard anymore  
Your blood has been programmed to baptize the floor  
And your grave is just a hole  
In this hell  
They've got your fucking number  
I've got your fucking number  
They got your fucking number  
You're screaming, they're calling, you're bleeding  
You're bleeding, you're hearing the calling  
Bring out your dead